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MY MAIDEN BRIEF.

(From Knight's Quarterly Magazine.)

"A LAWYER," says an old comedy which I once read at the British Museum, "is an odd sort of fruit—first rotten, then green, and then ripe." There is too much of truth in this homely figure. The first years of a young barrister are spent, or rather worn out, in anxious leisure. His talents rust, his temper is injured, his little patrimony wastes away, and not an attorney shews a sign of remorse. He endures term after term, and circuit after circuit, that greatest of miseries—a rank above his means of supporting it. He drives round the country in a post-chaise, and marvels what Johnson found so exhilirating in its motion—that is, if he paid for it himself. He eats venison and drinks claret; but he loses the flavour of both when he reflects that his wine (for the fool is married, and married for love too,) has, perhaps, just dined for the third time on a cold leg of mutton, and has not tasted wine since their last party—an occurrence beyond even legal memory. He leaves the festive board early, and takes a solitary walk—returns to his lodgings in the twilight, and sees on his table a large white rectangular body, which for a moment he supposes may be a brief,—alas! it is only a napkin. He is vexed, and rings to have it removed, when up comes his clerk, drunk and insolent: he is about to kick him down stairs, but stays his foot, on calling to mind the arrear of the fellow's wages; and contents himself with wondering where the rascal finds the means for such extravagance.

Then in court many are the vexations of the briefless. The attorney is a cruel animal; as cruel as a rich coxcomb in a ball-room, who delights in exciting hopes only to disappoint them. Indeed, I have often thought the communication between solicitors and the bar has no slight resemblance to the flirtation between the sexes. Barristers, like ladies, must wait to be chosen. The slightest overture would be equally fatal to one gown as to the other. The gentlemen of the bar sit round the table in dignified composure, thinking just as little of briefs as a young lady of marriage. An attorney enters, not an eye moves; but some how or other the fact is known to all. Calmly the wretch draws from his pocket a brief; practice enables us to see at a glance that the tormentor has left a blank for the name of his counsel. He looks around the circle as if to choose his man; you cannot doubt but his eyes rested on you,—he writes a name, but you are too far off to read it, though you know every name on your circuit upside down. Now the traitor counts out the fee, and wraps it up with slow and provoking formality. At length all being prepared, he looks towards you to catch (as you suppose) your eye.—You nod, and the brief comes flying; you pick it up, and find on it the name of a man three years your junior, who is sitting next to you; you curse the attorney's impudence, and ask yourself if he meant to insult you.—Perhaps not, you say, for the dog squints.

My maiden brief was in town. How well do I recollect the minutest circumstances connected with the case! The rap at the door! I am a connoisseur in raps,—there is not a dun in London who could deceive me; I know their tricks but too well; they have no medium between the rap ser-

vile and the rap impudent.—This was a cheerful touch; you felt that the operator knew he should meet with a face of welcome. My clerk, who is not much under the influence of sweet sounds, seemed absolutely inspired, and answered the knock with astonishing velocity. I could hear from my inner room the murmur of inquiry and answer; and though I could not distinguish a word, the tones confirmed my hopes;—I was not long suffered to doubt: my client entered, and the pure white paper, tied round with the brilliant red tape, met my eyes. He enquired respectfully, and with an appearance of anxiety which marked him to my mind for a perfect Chesterfield, if I was already retained in——v.——. The rogue knew well enough I never had had a retainer in my life. I took a moment to consider; and after making him repeat the name of his case, I gravely assured him I was at perfect liberty to receive his brief. He then laid the papers and my fee upon the table, asked me if the time appointed for a consultation with the two gentlemen who were "with me" would be convenient; and finding that the state of my engagements would allow me to attend, made his bow and departed. That fee was sacred gold, and I put it to no vulgar use.

Many years have now elapsed since that case was disposed of, and yet how fresh does it live in my memory; how perfectly do I recollect every authority to which he referred! how I read and re-read the leading cases that bore upon the question to be argued. One case I so *bethumbed*, that the volume has opened at it ever since, as inevitably as the prayer book of a lady's-maid proffers the service of matrimony. My brief related to an argument before the judges of the King's Bench, and the place of consultation was Ayles's coffee-house, adjoining Westminster-Hall. There was I, before the clock had finished striking the hour. My brief I knew by heart. I had raised an army of objections to the points on which we were to contend, and had logically slain every man of them. I went prepared to discuss the question thoroughly; and I generously determined to give my leaders the benefit of all my cogitations—though not without a slight struggle at the thought of how much reputation I should lose by my magnanimity. I had plenty of time to think of these things, for my leaders were engaged in court, and the attorney and I had the room to ourselves. After we had been waiting about an hour, the door flew open, and in strode one of my leaders, the second in command, less in haste (as it appered to me) to meet his appointment than to escape from the atmosphere of clients in which he had been enveloped during his passage from the court—just as the horseman pushes his steed into a gallop, to rid himself of the flies that are buzzing around him. Having shaken off his tormentors, Mr. —— walked up to the fire—said it was cold—nodded kindly to me—and had just asked what had been the last night's division in the house, when the powdered head of an usher was protruded through the half open door, to announce that "Jones and Williams was called on." Down went the poker, and away flew —— with streaming robes, leaving me to meditate on the loss which the case would sustain for want of his assistance at the expected discussion. Having waited some further space, I heard a rustling of silks, and the great ——, our commander in chief, sailed into the room. As he did not run foul of me, I may not have been invisible to him; but he furnished me with no other evidence of the fact. He simply directed the attorney to provide certain additional affidavits, tacked about, and sailed away. And thus ended our first consultation.

I consoled myself with the thought that I had at least all my materials for myself, and that from having had

so much more time for considering the subject than the others, I must infallibly make the best speech of the three.

At length the fatal day came. I never shall forget the thrill with which I heard —— open the case, and felt how soon it would be my turn to speak. Oh, how did I pray for a long speech; I lost all feeling of rivalry and would have gladly given him every thing that I intended to use myself, only to defer the dreaded moment for one half hour. His speech was frightfully short, yet, short as it was, it made sad havoc with my stock of matter. The next speaker was even more concise, and yet my little stock suffered again severely. I then found how experience will stand in the place of study, these men could not, from the multiplicity of their engagements, have spent a tithe of the time upon the case which I had done, and yet they had seen much which had escaped all my research. At length, my turn came, I was sitting among the back rows in the old court of King's Bench. It was on the 1st day of Michaelmas term, and late in the evening. A sort of darkness visible had been produced by the aid of a few candles dispersed here and there. I rose, but I was not perceived by the judges, who had turned together to consult, supposing the argument finished. B—— was the first to see me, and I received from him a nod of kindness and encouragement, which I hope I never shall forget. The court was crowded, for it was a question of some interest; it was a dreadful moment; the ushers stilled the audience into an awful silence. I began, and at the sound of an unknown voice, every wig of the white inclined plane at the upper end of which I was standing suddenly turned round, and in an instant I had the eyes of seventy "learned friends" looking me full in the face! It is hardly to be conceived by those who have not gone though the ordeal how terrific is this mute attention to the sight of it. How grateful should I have been for any thing which would have relieved me from its oppressive weight,—a buzz, a scraping of the shoes, or a fit of coughing would have put me under infinite obligation to the kind disturber. What I said I know not; I knew not then; it is the only part of the transaction of which I am ignorant; it was a "phantasma, or hideous dream." They told me, however, to my great surprise, that I spoke in a loud voice, used violent gesture, and as I went along seemed to shake off my trepidation. Whether I made a long speech or a short one I cannot tell, for I had no power of measuring time. All I know is that I should have made a much longer one, if I had not felt my ideas, like Bob Acres' courage, oozing out of my fingers' ends. The court decided against us, erroneously as I of course thought, for the young advocate is always on the right side.

The next morning I got up early to look at the newspapers which I expected to see full of our case. In an obscure corner, and in small type, I found a few words given as the speeches of my leaders—and I also read, that "Mr. —— followed on the same side."

SELECT SOCIETY; OR, A WEEK AT WORTHING.

1822.—Sept. 2d, *Monday*.—Set off from my tea-shop in Tooley-street, in Newman's patent safety-coach, for Worthing. Stept in over the front wheel. Stopt at Elephant and Castle. Drew up check by jowl with Tom Turpentine, who was outside the Brighton Comet. Asked me why I went to Worthing: told him how select the society was. Tom grinned, and betted me a bottle that I should be at Brighton before seven days were over my head. Bought three pears at Dorking: offered one to a gentleman in front, which he declined, and took a paper of sandwiches from his pocket: never offered me one, which I thought

rude. Arrived at Worthing at half-past four. Head dizzy with the rattling of coach-steps. Steyne Hotel: ordered a veal-cutlet at five, and walked out to view the ocean. Never saw it before, and never more disappointed. Expected waves mountains high, shrieking mariners, swamped long-boats, "and all that sort of thing." Smooth as West-India docks. Walked up to Wicks's warm baths, upon the Pebbles,—natives called it the Shingle. Picked up a stone with a hole through it, and put it in my pocket for Jack. Opened window of coffee room to get health enough for my money. Play-bill—"Cure for the Heart-ache"—performance to begin at seven. Looked at my watch, and wondered to find it only six. Took a stroll five times up and down Anne-street to pass the time. Saw two ladies alight from a coach that had no legs. Asked the driver (I should say the dragger) what it meant? Told me it was a fly. Looked more like a tortoise. Tall manager played Young Rapid. Man next to me said his name was Quinbus Flestrin—an odd name; probably German. Duke of Duckwater in stage box; never noticed me: probably owing to trellis-work. Vining in Frank Oatland;—plays nothing but Mercury at Drury Lane. What can Elliston mean?

Tuesday.—Prawns for breakfast: like shrimps better. Looked through a telescope. Bathing machines marked "for gentlemen only." Old painting in coffee-room: woman riding on dolphin's back, without a rag of covering, and black-bearded man floundering and blowing a trumpet beside her. Asked waiter if that was a picture of a Worthing bath? Answered "Yes, sir;" and ran out of the room with half a pigeon pie. *Mem.*—Machines "for gentlemen only," and ladies obliged to do without. Bathing at Worthing not so select as society. Walked to Stafford's Library; paid seven and sixpence, and put down my name in a book. Looked over a list of visitors: Earl of Elderbury; Lady Seraphina Surf; General Culverin; Lord and Lady Longshore; and Sir Barnaby Billow. Rubbed my hands, and thought we should make a nice snug party. Took up a tee-to-tum: counted seven children's whips, eight paper mills, six rocking-horses, and nineteen whistles;—odd library furniture. Perused a paper on a side table; subscription for widow of a drowned waiter: laid it down softly, and thanked gentleman in green spectacles for that newspaper, when it was out of hand. Dined upon fried soles,—tasted too much of the sea. Walked out to view the town; every shopkeeper named either Wicks or Stubbs. Asked man in green spectacles the reason: told me it was owing to the north-east wind. Wondered how that could cause it; but thought it best to say no more about it. Library in the evening: dull and cold: girl in pink played "We're a' Noddin," and sure enough we all were.

Wednesday.—Heard a nurse-maid, under coffee-room window, say the tide was coming in. Despatched breakfast in haste, fearing I should be too late. Ran down to the beach. Stood upon a large flat stone, like the king in Jack's History of England. Little thought there was any danger, till a wave rose above my shoes. Doctor Dragonsblood told me not to mind, for sea-water never gave cold: could not answer him for coughing and sneezing. Asked library man what were his *terms?* Told me the Miller's Tomb. Almost brought myself to the resolution of getting into a machine. Heart failed me: sneaked into a warm bath: swallowed a mouthful of warm water, and went back to hotel sick as a dog. Hired a donkey-chaise, and went to Miller's Tomb. No great things. There are three miller's tombs in St. George's church-yard, Southwark. Dined upon veal-pie. Sir Barnaby Billow came into the room to look at a map of the county. Told him it was a fine day; to which he an-

swered "Very:" pulled the bell, and walked out of the room. Wondered when I should be one of the select society; and said to myself "Phoo! he is only a baronet!" Telescope again; cast a longing look towards Brighton: weather hazy: saw nothing but nothing. Play—"Honey Moon.' Miss Dance, Juliana, for that night only, from Brighton. Too lady-like; looked above her business, like Tom Trencle my dandy shopman. Walked to the beach, and stood half an hour to see a lighter discharge coals by candle-light; smacked my lips and felt as if I had been eating salt. Went to bed, and dreamt of Miss Dance.

Thursday.—Swore an oath that I *would* go into the sea, and got into a machine to avoid being indicted for perjury. Began to undress, and in one minute machine began to move; wondered where I was going. Fancied it at least half a mile. Was upon the point of calling out for help, when the driver turned about. Stood trembling on the brink, and at last jumped in: just time enough to be too late. Hit my elbow against the steps, and lost a ribbed cotton stocking. Felt quite in a glow, and went home in high spirits to get another stocking. Elbow painful. Little finger asleep. Donkey-cart again. Changtonbury Ring. Driver said, finest prospect in all the world. Asked him how much of the world he had seen? Answered, "Lancing, Shoreham, and Broadwater Green." Donkey jibbed at foot of hill. Got out and dragged him up by left ear. Fine exercise for a valetudinarian. Let his ear go, and found that it did not move with the other. Afraid I had dislocated the organ. Paid driver three and sixpence, and said nothing about it. Dined upon cold *beef*. Appetite on the decline. *Mem.* Nothing-to-do a very troublesome business. Library. Girl with the harp: all nodding again. Opened "The Fortunes of Nigel," and found my nose flat upon the third page, before I knew where I was.

Friday.—Low water. All the world promenading on the sands. Lady Seraphina and the General on horseback. Patted her ladyship's poodle dog, and cried "What a beauty!" Lady and General off in a canter, and poodle followed, barking. Thought select society rather rude, and began to doubt whether a touch of vulgarity would not make it more polite. Stood still and beat devil's tattoo. Sand dry as a bone; began to be as dabby as a batter-pudding. Remember having heard talk of quick-sands, and shifted my quarters. Made for the shore, and found myself surrounded by water. Saw a boy making a bridge of stones; passed over, and gave him a penny. Lad grumbled: told him I paid no more to cross Waterloo Bridge, which cost a matter of a million of money. Looked at my watch, and wondered it was only twelve. Strolled up Steyne-row into the town. Stopped at the corner of Warwick-street, and looked into grocer's shop. Had half a mind to borrow a white apron, and offer to serve behind the counter to keep my hand in: just as Jack learns a bit of Ovid during the Christmas holidays. Recollected I was a gentleman, and sighed. Took a walk on the Lancing road. Met some gipsies, who told my fortune. Said I should be in a great place shortly. Told them I hoped I should, and that I was a fool for ever quitting it. Play again. A bespeak. Lady Longshore's name at the top of the bills as big as Bish in the lottery season. Went, out of compliment to her ladyship, who never once asked me how I did. Select society beginning to be at a discount.

Saturday.—Market-day.—Spent two hours in seeing the women spread their crockery upon the pavement. Bought a bunch of grapes, and stood under the portico of the theatre, spitting the skins into the kennel. Saw the Earl of Elderbury and Sir Barnaby Billow in a barouche. Lady Seraphina again on horseback. Overheard them talk of going to Cæsar's camp. Determined to go myself: thought I might know some of the

officers: remembered speaking to Lord Banbury when I was a corporal in Colonel Birch's first Loyal London. Sang "the Soldier tired" to myself, but stopt when I came to the quavers. Went to hire a donkey-cart. Fought shy of the donkey with the loose ear, and sidled off to the other stand opposite Wicks's warm baths. Hired a pony-chaise, quite genteel, and trotted to the camp. Wondered that I heard no drums and fifes. Passed the ditch, and found it a complete hoax: nothing but mounds of earth and thistles: General Cæsar decamped; and I dare say in debt to half the town. Went up to my bed-room, and counted my clean linen nine times over: strange laundresses require looking after. "Romeo and Juliet:" did not like the notion of "a Tragedy in Warm Weather." Began to reckon how soon I should win my bottle of Tom Turpentine, and hoped I should not die before it became due, like the starved man who translated the Bible. Yawned five times, and fell asleep. Awakened by the waiter with candle. Read the Brighton Herald quite through, including all its fashionable arrivals from Duke's place and Capel-court. Wished myself there, and thought Tom Turpentine no such fool. Pored over map of Sussex. Counted the knobs of the fender. Read half through the Army-list on the mantle-piece, thrust my feet into a pair of slippers without heels, and went to bed.

Sunday.—Chapel of Ease. Sermon for benefit of two free-schools. Plates held by Lady Seraphina and Earl of Eldersoury. Happened to go out at Lady Seraphina's door. Meant to give only a shilling; but, plate being held by a dame of quality, could not give less than half-a-crown. Never so much as said "Thank-ye." Select Society quite out of my books. Could not face the town, knowing the billiard-room and library were closed. Strolled as far as Broadwater common. Aided by a crooked stick, amused myself with picking blackberries. Broke off a fine branch laden with fruit, which fell on the other side of the ditch. Went round two fields to get at it. When I arrived, found that I had left my crooked stick on the other side. Went back to fetch it. After great difficulty got hold of the branch. Quite refreshing to have something to do. Bore home my prize in triumph, and gave it to a child at the corner of South-street. Walked upon the beach: threw a large stone six feet off, and pitched ninety-nine little stones to try to hit it. Yawned heavily. Mouth so habitually open, began to fear it would never shut, and quite pleased at five to find that it would chew again. Evening pretty much like the last.

Monday.—Remounted Newman's patent safety. Never so happy as when I again crossed its front wheel. Seriously ill at starting, but better as I approached wholesome London air. Sniffed the breezes of Bermondsey with peculiar satisfaction, and reached Tooley-street just in time to despatch the following letter to Tom Turpentine. "Dear Tom,—No more weeks at Worthing! Select society is all very well for select people. Your's to command, Kit Cannister."

WALKS IN LONDON.

Aldersgate-Street.

In addition to the astonishing increase in the size of London, the changes and chances which have befallen different districts of this vast city, afford a subject for reflection and contemplation. When the suburbs to the north west were a wilderness and a morass, the north-eastern outlet formed the pleasant seat of Barons and of Knights. Aldersgate-street, close to the Charterhouse and the Priory of St. Bartholomew the Great, shaded by trees which embosomed those religious houses, was the favourite residence of many noble families.

The lovely Countess of Pembroke, whose epitaph from the pen of Ben Johnson is so well known, was an in

habitant of Aldersgate-street.* How many grievous recollections are connected with the names of Sidney and of Pembroke. The sculptor, the painter, and the poet, have drawn inspiration from their virtues and their actions; chronicled in marble, and on canvas, and imperishable verse, live the virtues and the exploits of a family, proudly claiming the beautiful compliment; "that all the sons were brave, and all the daughters virtuous." The renowned Sir Philip Sydney, as he is usually styled, forms the most perfect specimen of a knight and a gentleman which the annals of England boast. Horace Walpole has been accused of undervaluing Sydney; he says, "that he was brave in an age of heroes, and eclipsed as an author by many of his contemporaries;" and remarks, that it is difficult to judge of the causes which obtained celebrity in a distant age; but the valour which Philip displayed in the field, and the mental endowments which produced the Arcadia, did not alone attract the homage of the nation to its dearest idol. One of the brightest ornaments of that splendid galaxy which graced the court of Elizabeth, his royal mistress displayed, in her conduct towards him, that excessive veneration for noble blood which ever enraged her against Essex, for speaking contemptuously of Philip of Spain, who though her greatest enemy, was a king. Sydney had been insulted by the Earl of Oxford in a tennis court; resenting the indignity in strong language, the peer sent him a challenge, and the affront and the defiance became so public, that the Lords of the Council ineffectually endeavoured to mediate between the adversaries. The Queen, according to her usual line of conduct upon all occasions, interposed her authority; reminded the high-souled commoner of the difference between Earls and gentlemen, and added, that princes were under the necessity of supporting the dignities which they had conferred; and that if the gentry contemned the nobility, the peasantry would speedily learn to insult both. The memory of Sydney seems to have been dearer to his sister than to his wife. His romance published after his death, was called the Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia; and his widow, though she made no ignoble second choice, laid aside her mourning weeds for bridal ornaments, and married Essex. Equally valiant, handsome, and accomplished—the favourite, and the fool of fortune, a fatal impetuosity of disposition proved his ruin. The Queen, possessed with a prophetic spirit, pronounced his doom, his excessive daring in action alarmed her tenderness, and she exclaimed, "We shall have him knocked o' the head like that rash fellow Sydney;" but she dreamed not that her own hand was to strike the blow. The happiness of Lady Essex sustained frequent shocks from the unguarded conduct of her lord; she was obliged to stifle her own jealousy, and she trembled for his *life*, whenever his gallantries warned her that she had lost his *love*. Her grief at the Earl's devotion to the fair Mrs. Bridget, one of the Maids of Honour of the Queen, appears to have been occasioned by her alarm lest it should prejudice him with Elizabeth, who cast a suspicious eye upon the young lady, and from harsh words, had sometimes condescended to proceed to blows.* A second time a

* A second and scarcely less celebrated Countess of Pembroke lived near Charing Cross. She repaired and built seven churches and six castles; founded two hospitals; and displayed the masculine firmness of her mind in her famous letter to Sir Joseph Williams, Secretary of State of Charles II. He had taken upon himself to nominate a member for Appleby; and though her reply has been transcribed in a hundred different works, it is but a just tribute to an admirable woman to insert it here: "I have been bullied by an usurper; I have been neglected by a Court, but I will not be dictated to by a subject. Your man shan't stand.—Anne Dorset, Countess of Pembroke and Montgomery."

* The flirtations of Essex, and the jealousy of the Queen, had it may seem

widow, and by means which might have broken a gentler heart, Lady Essex again dried her tears, and took an Irish Peer* for her third husband.

The ponderous dray horses of the brewer and the distiller move heavily over the ground once proudly spurned by the careering steeds of Pembroke, Sydney, and Essex. The laurels which decked the favourite's brow were wreathed with myrtles by the hand of a queen; and Sydney, in declining the offered crown of Poland, rendered himself still dearer to English hearts. Equally beloved by the people, these heroes seldom appeared in the streets of London without receiving the acclamation of the multitude; but stately plumes and waving pennons have disappeared from the spot once graced by silken scarves and glittering coats of mail; few equipages are to be seen more splendid than the vehicles daily issuing from the Bull and Mouth Inn, that ancient hostelrie, whose corrupted sign no longer commemorates the capture of Boulogne by the arms of Henry VIII. originally signifying the mouth of Boulogne harbour, the device became extremely popular in London, where the people still dreamed of conquests in France, and hoped to emulate the victories of Cressy and Agincourt; a gothic barbarism has perverted the chronicle of Henry's ambitious projects to an unintelligible hieroglyphic. Thanet House, in Aldersgate-street, originally the residence of the Marquis of Dorchester, and afterwards inhabited by the Tuftons, Earls of Thanet, was purchased by Anthony Ashly Cooper, Earl of Shaftesbury, whom Tennant styles an incendiary statesman, on purpose, it is said, to inflame the minds of the citizens, and raise himself to the chief magistracy. A member of the famous Cabal, a violent politician, and an eternal schemer, the Earl appears to have incurred more general hatred than his actions merited; he was one of those turbulent spirits who could not fail to make enemies of his contemporaries, and posterity seems to have taken the universal railing attached to the title of Shaftesbury, as the due reward of the Earl's superior wickedness. A man of infinite wit, a lover of philosophy, and the friend of Locke, he treated with haughty contempt the writings of the most celebrated authors of his own time. Cowley, Dryden, Addison, and Prior, fell under his lash, and poets are known not to possess very forgiving tempers. Otway revenged his brethren's cause, by sketching Shaftesbury in one of his plays as a profligate old senator, raving about plots and political intrigues. Venio, the famous artist, who indulged his spleen against Mrs. Marnott, the housekeeper at the palace, by borrowing her ugly face for one of the furies in an allegorical representation, painted Lord Shaftesbury as Faction, distributing libels. Amongst the papers of the witty Earl of Rochester was found, in his own hand-writing, a MS. entitled "The Statesman's Academy, erected in the Tower, at the proper cost of the House of Peers, where at present inhabit three of the best masters of the time." After recommending those who are desirous to learn the fashionable accomplish-

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nated less fatally, would have been very diverting. Horace Walpole has given us extracts from two letters, which are highly characteristic of the manners of the times. "The Earl is again fallen in love with the fairest B—; it cannot chuse but come to the Queen's ears, and than he is undone; the Countess is greatly unquiet."—"The Queen has of late used the fair Mrs. Bridget with word and blows of anger." The polite court of France was not behind hand in violence: for Elizabeth having sent Henry IV. four sharp lines in answer to a remark reflecting on her passion for Essex, which the King had made to Sir Antony Mildmay, her Ambassador, Henry was so enraged at receiving the Queen's spirited reply from her minister's hands, "that he was near striking Sir Antony, and drove him out of his chamber."

* The Earle of Clanrickarde.

ments of swearing, drinking, fencing, oratory, and seduction, to repair to Buckingham, and to study drowsiness, and the method of keeping a large estate won by the wit of another to Salisbury. From Salisbury he proceeds to give the following advice respecting Shaftesbury:—

But if you would be a statesman in grain,
And learn the whole art of Legerdemain,
With all the tricks of a tumbler of state,
As from nothing to rise to something that's great;
And from thence, without breaking his neck, to be hurled,
Little Antony Cooper's the best in the world.

Not deficient in that *gaiété de cœur* which brightened the reign of Charles II. and enlivened the dreary history of its bloody prosecutions, Shaftesbury, in quitting the high office of Lord Chancellor, amused himself by playing a trick upon his political opponents. The following account of his resignation is given by Echard: "Soon after the breaking up of the parliament, the Earl was sent for on Sunday morning, to court, as was also Sir Heneage Finch, to whom the seals were promised. As soon as the Earl came, he retired with the King into the closet, while the prevailing party waited in triumph to see him come out without the purse. His Lordship being alone with the King, said, 'Sire, I know you intend to give the seals to the Attorney-General, but I am sure your Majesty never intended to dismiss me with contempt.' The King, who could not do an ill-natured thing, replied, 'God's fish, my Lord, I will not do it with any circumstance that may look like an affront.'—'Then, Sire,' said the Earl, 'I desire your Majesty will permit me to carry the seals before you to chapel, and send for them afterwards from my house.' To this his Majesty readily consented, and the Earl amused the King with news and entertaining stories till the very minute he was to go to chapel, purposely to deceive the courtiers and his successor, who, he believed, was on the rack for fear he should prevail on the King to change his mind. The King and the Earl came out of the closet talking together, smiling, and went together to chapel, which greatly surprised them all; and some ran immediately to tell the Duke of York that all their measures were broken. After sermon, the Earl went home with the seals, and that evening the King gave them to Sir Heneage." More coarse in his manner, and more brutal in his mind than Shaftesbury, a coadjutor in the party which gave a new word to the English language,* Maitland, Duke of Lauderdale, resided in Aldersgate-street, though its splendour had somewhat diminished in his time, and the nobility, smoked out from the city, were swiftly migrating to more airy regions. But we do not follow the ancient names which adorn the peerage, and their new mansions, with the same pleasure that we cling to the sites of those structures where their great forefathers dwelt; we love, and search out, and discover them in lanes and alleys. When not employed in camps and fortresses, plotting the downfall of one king in Berkley Castle, and raising the standard of rebellion against another at Shrewsbury, Northumberland, and his gallant son Harry Percy, the Hotspur of the North, made the stones of Aldersgate ring with their spurs, and rode at the head of their vessals and men at arms to their town-house, now frittered into various tenements, the name even lost in that of Bull and Mouth-street.

THE CAPTIVE.

A Scene in a Private Madhouse.

From the unpublished Poems of the late M. G. Lewis, Esq., M. P.

STAY, Gaoler, stay, and hear my woe!
She is not mad who kneels to thee,
For what I'm now, too well I know,
And what I was, and what should be.

* Cabal.

I'll rave no more in proud despair
My language shall be mild, though sad:
But yet I'll firmly, truly swear,
I am not mad! I am not mad!

My tyrant husband forged the tale,
Which chains me in this dismal cell:
My fate unknown my friends bewail;
Oh! Goaler, haste that fate to tell!
Oh! haste my father's heart to cheer:
His heart at once 'twill grieve and glad
To know, though kept a captive here,
I am not mad! I am not mad!

He smiles in scorn, and turns the key!
He quits the grate! I knelt in vain!
His glimmering lamp still, still I see;
'Tis gone—and all is gloom again!
Cold, bitter cold!—No warmth! no light!—
Life, all thy comforts once I had;
Yet here I'm chained this freezing night,
Although not mad! no, no! not mad!

'Tis sure some dream! some vision vain!
What I, the child of rank and wealth,
Am I the wretch who clanks this chain,
Bereft of freedom, friends, and health?
Ah! while I dwell on blessings fled,
Which never more my heart must glad,
How aches my heart! how burns my head!
But 'tis not mad:—no! 'tis not mad!

Hast thou, my child, forgot ere this
A mother's face, a mother's tongue?
She'll ne'er forget your parting kiss,
Nor round her neck how fast you clung;
Nor how with me you sued to stay,
Nor how that suit your sire forbade;
Nor how—I'll drive such thoughts away,
They'll make me mad! they'll make me mad!

His rosy lips, how sweet they smil'd!
His mild blue eyes, how bright they shone!
None ever bore a lovelier child!
And art thou now for ever gone?
And must I never see thee more,
My pretty, pretty, pretty lad?
I *will* be free! unbar the door!
I am not mad! I am not mad!

Oh, hark!—what mean those yells and cries?
His chain some furious madman breaks!
He comes! I see his glaring eyes!
Now, now my dungeon grate he shakes!
Help, help!—He's gone!—Oh! fearful woe,
Such screams to hear, such sights to see!
My brain, my brain!—I know, I know,
I *am* not mad—but soon *shall* be!

Yes, soon!—For lo you!—while I speak—
Mark how yon demon's eye-balls glare!
He sees me—now with dreadful shriek,
He whirls a serpent high in air.
Horror!—the reptile strikes his tooth
Deep in my heart, so crush'd and sad!—
Ay, laugh, ye fiends!—I feel the truth!
Your task is done! *I'm mad! I'm mad!*

THE LAST MOMENTS OF CELEBRATED MEN.

"The ruling passion strong in death."

The virtuous Erasmus, when dying, exclaimed "Domine! Domine! fac finem! fac finem!" Boyle, having prepared his proof for the printer, pointed to where it lay when dying. The last words of Lord Chesterfield were, "Give Dayrole a chair." The last words of Nelson were, "Tell Collingwood to bring the fleet to an anchor." Charles the First, on the scaffold, said, "I fear not death! Death is not terrible to me." Sir Thomas More pleasantly said, when mounting the scaffold, "I pray you see me up safe; and for my coming down, let me shift for myself." Rousseau called his wife to the bed-side, and told her to throw up the window, "That he might see once more the magnificent scene of nature." Sir Walter Raleigh, when on the scaffold, desired to see the axe; and, feeling the edge of it, said to the sheriff,

"This is a sharp medicine, but a sure remedy for all evils." Being asked which way he chose to place himself on the block, he replied "So the heart be right, it is no matter which way the head lies;" and giving the signal, he received the stroke with the most perfect composure. Such was the end of this illustrious man, in the 66th year of his age. When Sir Charles Lucas was going to be shot by the soldiers of Fairfax, the royal hero, in answer to their assertions and assurances that they would take care not to miss him, nobly replied, "You have often missed me when I have been nearer to you in the field of battle." When the Governor of Cadiz, the Marquis de Solano, was murdered by the enraged and mistaken citizens, he calmly turned round to one of his murderers, who had run a pike through his back, and said, "Coward, to strike there! Come round, if you dare—face and destroy me!" Cranmer exclaimed at the stake, "This is the hand that wrote it, and therefore it shall first suffer punishment." He accordingly stretched his right hand into the flames, where he kept it unmoved till it was consumed. In a short time the fire attacked his vital parts, and he died repeating the words of the martyr Stephen, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." Sir Isaac Newton read a newspaper on the morning of the 18th of March, 1726-7, and conversed for a considerable time with Dr. Mead, his physician, having then the perfect use of his faculties, of which he was, however, deprived in the course of the following night, and he breathed his last on the 20th of the same month, being in the 85th year of his age. This illustrious philosopher's illness was supposed to be occasioned by a stone in the bladder, which at times was attended with such paroxysms of pain, as caused large drops of sweat to roll down his face. During these attacks he was never heard to utter the least complaint. General Lee, who was in the American army exclaimed, a few minutes before he expired, "Stand by me, my brave grenadiers." After Sir John Moore was wounded at Corunna, the soldiers carried him slowly along in a blanket. He made them turn him round frequently to view the field of battle, and to listen to the firing, and was pleased when the sound grew fainter. On his arrival at his lodgings, he was in much pain, and could speak but little; but at intervals he said to Colonel Anderson, who for one and twenty years had been his friend and companion in arms, "Anderson, you know that I always wished to die in this way." He frequently asked, "Are the French beaten?" and at length, when he was told they were defeated in every point, he said, "It is a great satisfaction for me to know we have beaten the French: I hope the people of England will feel satisfied—I hope my country will do me justice." Having mentioned the name of his venerable mother, and the names of some other friends, for whose welfare he seemed anxious to offer his last prayers, the power of utterance was lost, and he died in a few minutes without a struggle. Thus fell, at the age of 47, at the conclusion of a critical victory, Sir John Moore—a name that must be long dear to his country. Pope had through life been subject to nervous complaints, and when the last scene was manifestly approaching, Hooke, the historian, one of his friends, and a convert to Popery, asked him whether he would not have a priest to administer the last sacrament? Pope replied, that though he did not think it essential, it was very right, and the ceremony was performed. He died soon after, viz. on the 30th of May, 1744, at the age of 56, and was interred at Twickenham. Dr. Priestley died February 6th, 1804, in the 71st year of his age. He expired so quietly, that they who sat beside him did not perceive the last moment of his existence. As if aware the solemn moment was at hand, and unwilling to shock his children, who were sitting by his bedside, by his departure, he had taken

the precaution of putting his hand before his face. Raphael died on the same day of the year on which he was born, Good Friday, in 1520, at the age of 37, deeply lamented by all who knew his value. On his death-bed he made his will, leaving his favourite pupils, Julia Romano and Il Fattore, his heirs, and ordering his burial to take place in the Pantheon. Sir Philip Sydney, the Marcellus of the English nation, was killed at the battle of Zutphen, in 1586, while he was mounting the third horse, having before had two killed under him. The famous General Turenne, while reconnoitring a fit place to fix a battery, on July 27, 1675, was struck by a cannon-ball, which killed him on the spot, in the 64th year of his age. Pope, in his "Essay on Man," says,

"See godlike *Turenne* prostrate in the dust!
See Sydney bleeds amid the mortal strife!
Was this their virtue, or contempt of life?"

Charles XII. of Sweden was killed at the seige of Fredericksball, in the month of December, regardless of the cold of a Norwegian winter, which not unfrequently froze the centinels to death on their posts. To animate his troops, the Swedish Sovereign exposed himself to all the rigours of the climate, and to the dangers of the seige, and, covered only with his cloak, usually slept in the open air. Anxious to finish the seige, he, on the evening of the 11th of December, visited, with his principal engineer, the trenches which had been formed. He was resting with his elbows on the parapet, attending to the workmen, who were opening the ground by star-light. Almost half his body was exposed to the battery of the enemy, which was firing grape-shot at the very spot on which he stood. He had been in that dangerous situation some time, with no one near him, except the chief engineer and an aid-de-camp, when he was seen to fall upon the parapet, heaving a great sigh. He was taken up dead, with his forehead beat in by a cannon-shot, and his right hand grasping the hilt of his sword—such was the end of this extraordinary character, of whom Dr. Johnson has beautifully said,

"His fall was destined to a barren strand,
A petty fortress and a dubious hand;
He left a name, at which the world grew pale,
To point a moral, or adorn a tale."

But as he likewise says, "It matters not how a man dies, but how he lives;" the terrors of death are most in apprehension, and to guard against the fear of death is to live well. Shakspeare says,

"Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear;
Seeing that death a necessary end,
Will come, when it will come."

Rousseau observes, "the great error is, allowing too much importance to life, as if our being depended on it, and we were nothing after death. To attach ourselves but slightly to human affairs, is the best method of learning to die. Life does not consist in drawing our breath, but in acting; making use of our organs, our faculties, and all other parts of us, is what gives us the sentiment of an existence." P. T. W.

THE NORTHERN EXPEDITION.

From the Literary Gazette.

The return of the Expedition under the command of Captain Parry from the voyage to discover a North-west passage, is an event of so much public interest, as will, we trust, excuse our devoting a portion of our pages to its proceedings; and we shall feel that we have done our duty towards them, in using our strenuous exertions to gather from every authen-

ter quarter the leading particulars of this narrative:—

On the 10th ult. the Fury and Hecla arrived at Lerwick, in Shetland, and were received with demonstrations of such welcome as was due to our gallant countrymen on their safe arrival from so perilous an undertaking, and after so long an absence, during which no true tidings concerning them had reached their native land. The town was illuminated, and the navigators were entertained in the most hospitable manner. Leaving Lerwick, the vessels made the northern coast of England on Thursday the 16th, where Captain Parry, Lieutenant Hoppner, and the Reverend Mr. Fisher (the chaplain and astronomer to the expedition) were landed, and immediately set off for London, which they reached on Saturday morning. Meanwhile the ships sailed for the River, and on Tuesday afternoon anchored in the Galleons, about three miles below Woolwich. On Wednesday, at noon, they again sailed, and in a couple of hours were moored off the dock-yard at Deptford, amid the cheers of hundreds, who lined the shore as they passed along to their destination.

On their way up the river, they were boarded by several persons of note, and by many kind and anxious friends, whose meetings with their respective relations and persons dear to them, formed a scene altogether of the most interesting description. Here was Sweethearts and Wives far better acted than even at the Haymarket, and the representation produced a much more striking effect. The recognitions, the inquiries, the groupings, and the various expressions of voice, countenance and gesture, were at once highly entertaining and affecting, and we can truly say that we never witnessed a sight which afforded us greater pleasure. The sides were ascended and the decks almost crowded by the curious who were fortunate enough to have the privilege of visiting the ships, and by those connected with the crews. In one part might be seen an honest Tar embracing his partner with a heartiness which did credit to a tedious absence, and was certainly without example in the whole history of Esquimaux fellowship—the only human intercourse enjoyed (if it may be so called) during two years and a half. In another direction the cooking apparatus was speedily put in requisition, and fresh provisions and vegetables had justice done to them as luxuries of no common cast. Here were strangers examining the canoes, large animal specimens, and other rarities brought from the Arctic regions; and in the long-boats, slung upon the deck of each vessel, were six or eight of those wolf-looking dogs which are so important to the natives, howling and fighting like wild beasts of the most savage nature.—We mention these circumstances, not as of any consequence to the voyage, but as forming a spectacle of so singular and interesting a character that we only wish our graphic powers were more adequate to its description. On arriving at Deptford, most of the officers hastened ashore, and from an intimacy with some of them we have collected the following digest, for whose irregularities and want of proper order, the haste in which it is thrown together must be our apology.

The outward voyage in 1821 was fair and prosperous. Passing up Hudson's Straits, the navigators kept near the land on their South, and explored the coast towards Repulse Bay. The farthest West which they attained was 86° of longitude, and the highest latitude only 69° 48′ N; and they finally brought up for winter quarters at a small isle which they named Winter Island, in 82° 53′ W. longitude, and the latitude 66° 11′ N. By inspecting the common maps, it will be seen that they are very faulty in laying down both land and water in this direction; though the latter and best charts are somewhat more correct. The globe and chart makers, however, will have very little trouble

in laying down the discoveries made in the present voyage. The chief part of the summer of 1821 was occupied in examining Repulse Bay, and some inlets to the eastward of it, through some one or other of which they hoped to find a passage into the Polar Sea. In this they were disappointed, for all the openings proved to be only deep inlets, which ran into the continent of America. While thus occupied, early in October the sea began to freeze; and on the 8th of that month the ships were laid up for the winter, in the situation noted above. Here at Winter Island, the Expedition was frozen up from the 8th of October 1821 to the 24 of July 1822. The vessels were within two or three hundred paces of each other; and occupations and amusement, similar to those practised in the preceding voyage, were resorted to. We are informed, however, that the Plays did not go off so well; nor were the ships' companies altogether so harmoniously social as on the former occasion. The necessity for maintaining discipline, and other causes, to which we need not allude, stood in the way of this perfect accord and satisfaction.

One of the principal events which we have to notice in this period was the beneficial effects produced by the system of heating the ships with currents of warm air. These were directed to every requisite part by means of metallic tubes, and so well did the contrivance answer its purpose, that the lowest temperature during the winter was 28° below Zero. In the second winter it was ten degrees lower, viz. 18° below Zero; but this was not near so difficult to endure nor so inconvenient as the cold on Captain Parry's first voyage, nor indeed, if we are rightly informed, as that felt in the northern stations of the Hudson Bay traders on the American Continent.

The provision cases, we understand, did not turn out so well; for, though the meats were preserved fresh, they were found to be very insipid on constant use, and the men got as tired of them as they generally do of salt provisions. From the quantum of boiling needed in these preparations, the nutritive juices are extracted, and the taste so reduced that it is not easy to tell veal from beef. They, however, (like French cookery done to rags) made a change, and were so far acceptable.

Fish were caught, and formed another more welcome variety. These were chiefly a small salmon of about 7 or 8lbs weight, of which about 300 were taken; the Cod fish, and the Alpine Trout, which latter was found in a fresh-water stream on an island to the westward of Winter Island. This river, according to the native accounts, flowed from a lake whence also another river ran into the sea on the other side; that is to say, one stream flowed in a north easterly direction towards Hudson's Bay, and the other in a south-westerly course towards (perhaps) the Polar Sea. The small fish known by the name of the Miller's Thumb, was also in great abundance, and the sea swarmed with Mollusca; but we shall enumerate the natural productions more particularly hereafter.

Nothing occurred during the first part of the winter, deserving of any particular notice; but one morning, in the beginning of February, our people were surprised by the appearance of strange forms upon the snow plain of their vicinity, and of persons running to and fro. This was a tribe of about fifty Esquimaux, who were erecting their snow huts, and taking up their residence at a short distance from the vessels. At first it was hoped that this might be Captain Franklin's Expedition, but the hope quickly vanished; and the settlers were found to be one of those wandering hordes, which range along the shore in search of food, and make their habitations where it can be obtained in sufficient quantity. The great dependence of these people upon the produce of the sea for their sustenance, necessarily confines their migrations to the coasts.

and, except hastily travelling across land in any journey occasionally, it may be presumed from their habits that they never establish themselves ten miles from the water's edge. Thus we infer, that all the interior parts are totally uninhabited. The intercourse of the voyagers with their new and singular neighbours, afforded them much and much wanted amusement during the remainder of the winter; as, never having seen Europeans before, their manners and customs were quite original. The snow began to melt about the beginning of May, and put an end to their intimacy.

In the season of 1822, the vessels having steered along the coast to the North, penetrated only to the long. of 82° 50', and lat. 69° 40', and after exploring several inlets, &c. in their brief cruise, they were finally moored for their second winter, about a mile apart, in 81° 44' W. long. and lat. 69° 21' N. Here, close to another small isle, they remained from the 24th of September, 1822, to the 8th of last August. They had latterly entered a strait leading to the westward. From the accounts of their Esquimaux, and their own observations, they had every reason to believe that this strait separated all the land to the northward from the continent of America. After getting about fifteen miles within the entrance of it, however, they were stopped by the ice, but from the persuasion that they were in the right channel for getting to the westward, they remained there for nearly a month, in daily expectation that the ice would break up. In this last hope they were again quite disappointed, and on the 16th of September, the sea having begun to freeze, they left these straits, and laid the ships up in winter quarters near the small island, moored to, and called by the Esquimaux Isolik.

From these data it is evident that the Expedition has failed in its leading objects. In short, any armed whale ship might do as much as it has been able, with all its powers, to accomplish; and we apprehend that few or no new lights can be thrown by it upon the great questions of science which were raised by the former voyages. The magnetic pole was not crossed; and it is curious to state, that all the electrical appearances, lights, halos, meteors, &c. were seen to the south. In natural history the acquisitions are very scanty. Twenty-eight botanical specimens, dwarf willow, saxifrage grasses, mosses, &c. nearly comprehend the stunted vegetable world of these northern latitudes. One new gull has, we believe, been added to that class; but, generally speaking, hardly any novelty has been ascertained, or remarkable discovery made in ornithology, pisciology, botany, or other branch of science.

To be continued.

SONG.

Last night a proud page came to me;
Sir Knight, he said, I greet you free;
The moon is up at midnight hour,
All mute and lonely is the bower:
To rouse the deer, my lord is gone,
And his fair daughter's all alone,
As lily fair, and as sweet to see,—
Arise, Sir Knight, and follow me.

The Stars stream'd out, the new-woke moon
O'er Chatsworth hill gleam'd brightly down,
And my love's cheeks, half-seen, half-hid,
With love and joy blush'd deeply red:
Short was our time and chaste our bliss,
A whisper'd vow and a gentle kiss;
And one of those long looks, which earth
With all its glory is not worth.

The stars beam'd lovelier from the sky,
The smiling brook flow'd gentler by;
Love, fly thou on; I'll mind that hour
Of sacred love in greenwood bower;
Let vale between us swell and sound;
Still at her name my heart shall bound;
Her name—which like a spell I'll keep,
To wake me and to charm my sleep.

VARIETIES.

Chancery Suits.—The late Earl of Chesterfield, happened to be in company with a gentleman who mentioned that he had lately bought a Spanish horse, which was so unruly that he overleaped every fence about his grounds; and the gentleman said, in joke, that he believed he should be obliged to build a wall round the horse to keep him within bounds; but that, for the present, he had ordered his groom to put him in his court. "I should advise you to do better," says Lord Chesterfield, "put him into the Court of Chancery, and I will warrant you he will never get out."

*Hunting Cheetas.**—There were three cheetas lying down, each in a country cart, called a hackery; they were tied with a slip-knot, and hood-winked. When within about a hundred yards of a herd of antelopes, which he approaches with the greatest caution, the sheekaree, or huntsman, takes the hood off from one cheeta, (and occasionally from two,) turns his head towards the game, and loosens the slip-knot: the animal instantly springs from the hackery, and makes towards the herd of antelopes, taking advantage of every bush between them which can for a moment conceal his approach, and invariably singling out the old buck as the object of his attack. If the cheeta can approach undiscovered sufficiently near to spring on the prey, he strikes it down with the force and ferocity of the tiger; but if, as is generally the case, the antelope discovers him at a little distance, he darts off with all the speed which an agony of terror can inspire, and the cheeta after him: but should the latter not overtake him in the first two or three hundred yards, he usually stops short, retreats to some neighbouring bush to conceal himself, and is then in so sulky a humour, that it requires caution for his keeper in approaching him put on the hood, and re-conduct him to the hackery. If the chase be successful (and we had an opportunity of seeing both cases,) the cheeta seizes the poor antelope in his mouth, throws his fore paws round him, and there remains sucking his blood, until the keeper or huntsman comes up; who, in order to rescue the prey from his grasp, dips a piece of raw flesh in his blood, places it in a wooden bowl with a long handle, and offers it to the cheeta: while he is engaged in devouring this, a rope is fastened round his neck, and the prey gradually removed from his sight, until he can be again hood-winked, and replaced in his hackery."—*Sketches of India.*

* A species of Chance.

The Power of Music.—The relative of a friend of mine, having been ordered to Devonshire for the benefit of his health, used frequently to ride out in the evening. One night as he passed a lone house, his attention was drawn towards it by sounds of such dulcet melody, that his heart became captive through his ears, and, without seeing the fair siren, he was 'full fathom five' in love: he never rested till he obtained an introduction; his offers were accepted, and they married. But, alas! for the waywardness of the human heart! But a short time elapsed, ere they separated, and, for fifteen years, were ignorant of each other's pursuits. Business called him into Scotland, where his ear, when least expected, caught the sound of that voice which had formerly made so deep an impression. The affection, which had slumbered so long, revived with fresh ardour; the hour of the evening, the similarity of situation, and the same melody, were coincidences that struck forcibly on his heart: repentant, and trembling with emotion, he rushed into the apartment where she was, and renouncing his errors, implored her forgiveness; a reconciliation followed, and the renewal of their affection was permanent and unabated.—*Nathan's Essay on Music.*